

# Home Magazine

## "EXPERIENCES."

By GERTIE DE S. WEBSTER.

Every editor had always refused everything that either Ethel or Ernest had ever written, so they decided to collaborate.

Possibly they arrived at this determination owing to a belief that it was lack of quantity, rather than absence of quality, in the matter of authorship, that rendered the editorial world so unresponsive; or it may have been the result of "two heads being better than one" (particularly if the two heads are close together—a position very helpful for collaborative purposes) that attracted them.

"Now," said Ethel, as they discussed the matter between the acts at a matinee, "the question is who shall provide the plot?"

Ethel's chaperons saw that an attempt at even interlarded remarks would be too tedious for the next ten minutes, so she patiently turned her attention to the play-bill, and was soon engrossed in the advertisements of the advertisements. Long experience had taught her that after learning the cast by heart, information respecting the companies, restaurants, and various glove and shoe emporiums was to be her only solace during the intervals if Ernest Knight chanced to condescend to the girls.

"Ah! yes, the plot! A plot is emotionally distasteful, for after all life is more composed of a series of aesthetically transient emotions than of circumstantial incidents," he replied, with elaborate carelessness.

"True, but it is the result of those very emotional impulses that serve to create absolute occurrences," answered Ethel.

Ernest and Ethel usually conversed in this strain when they felt artistic. Carefully dissected, their remarks appeared strangely devoid of any connected meaning, but perhaps it was that very fact that gave them such a satisfactory feeling of literature and cult generally.

"The best basis we can give our story will be that

of real human interest," continued Ethel, bending her ruse, toque-crowned head nearer her companion.

Ernest agreed. He usually did agree with her in reality, but occasionally felt it necessary for the maintenance of his masculine force of will to argue and "theorize," as he termed it, about her simplest remark. Ethel enjoyed herself immensely when he was in those moods.

"Now, my plan is this," she went on, disappointed to find him so acquiescent: "that we each take the incident making the greatest impression upon us on a certain evening, retail our respective experiences, and, picking out the most attractive parts of both occurrences, so form a word picture alive with artistic realism."

"The idea is not a bad one," admitted Ernest, judicially. He often took refuge in being judicial when no trenchant form of argument presented itself.

"And from what scene shall we reap this harvest of incidents?"

"Now, where are we going to go?" mused Ethel.

"Heaven."

"My dear Ernest, how personally sanguine of you to suppose you will be enabled to follow me so closely. But, seriously, what other place?"

Ernest's volley of repartee was not forthcoming. There was a little soft curl fluttering on a narrow glimpse of white neck visible just above Ethel's chiffon ruffle, and he was thinking about that—thinking that if—

"Look here!" she ejaculated, glancing up, only to find her command obeyed. Her lashes drooped, for Ernest had then localized "here" as meaning the depths of her pansy-colored eyes.

"I am looking," he replied, truthfully.

"I wish you'd attend."

"I assure you I was attending most closely."

## UNDECIDED.



"I THINK IT WOULD BE ONLY WISE. YOU SEE, IT MEANS PROMOTION."

"Well, then, listen to me. You are going to Wil-

"Yes."

"So am I."

## "Yes!"

"Don't be interrogative; you know I am. Well, I propose that we divide the plot of our story from whatever incidents make the greatest impression on us during the evening. Agreed?"

"Agreed, though it may be difficult to construct a narrative out of a limp collar and a torn skirt!" At that moment the orchestra, by the emittal of a few misnamed perfect fifths from the strings and some disjointed hilarious little runs from the wind instruments, told the weary chaperones that the study of the playbill might be postponed.

Some six hours later Ernest and Ethel had changed their afternoon roles of spectators and were taking their places in a staid ballroom drama being enacted under the aristocratic roof of Mrs. de Briscoe Wiloughby.

The night was still young when it witnessed Ethel's third waltz with Capt. Mainwaring. They both waited as though they were under the special guidance of Terpsichore herself.

Ernest did not like dancing; so when Capt. Mainwaring steered past holding in his arms the same slender diaphanously mauve-clad figure for the third time, he began to think he had been a fool to turn up at all.

The Cornishman glared at him which he meant would have obtained to equilibrium quite satisfactorily with his support, and he could have talked Foreign Office "shop" to old Lord Flatterton with equally successful results at the club.

"A man who appears even to wish for brains is out of place at a dance," he argued to himself. Just at that moment the band crashed out the final chords of the waltz, and Ethel, pretty, pink and flaring, sailed past leaving on her partner's arm.

"Oh! Ernest," she cried, pausing in front of the man and the girl, "the next dance is hands, followed by an interval, so I have put down your name as follows."

He stood a moment after she had passed, wondering how it was that he had never quite realized till that moment the extent of Ethel's prettiness, or the witchery of a violet chiffon ball gown, about whose folds hung the faint odor of its color.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" she asked, leaning

## "VICTIMS OF THE VOLCANO," a Thrilling and Timely New Serial, Will Begin in NEXT MONDAY'S EVENING WORLD.

back her head so that a very alluring outline of chin and neck obtruded itself upon her companion's notice.

"Oh! having a great time," he responded, "great time!"

As Ethel had been perfectly conversant with his every movement ever since he appeared in the ballroom, this assertion did not cause her the uneasiness it might otherwise have done.

They were silent for some time, with one of those replete silences that so often precede one of life's moments, that Ernest said:

"Have you gathered any 'copy' for our story yet?"

"Not at present, nothing interesting has occurred; but there is time yet."

"Oh!"

"Has any striking incident fallen to your lot?" queried Ethel, lowering her chin and raising her eyes.

"Nothing, except that old Flatterton tells me that there is a vacancy in Madras, and he believes the U. O. intends offering it to me."

"Oh!"

"He advises me to accept."

"Oh—er—will you?"

"I think it would be only wise—you see it means promotion."

"Ethel."

Another pause.

Ernest's eyes followed the distance between the chair to the sixteen of an inch and bent over her

averted head.

Then he understood.

One bright drop fell among the chiffon draperies, and he knew that, like the poem-famed Peri, he had found his happiness in a tear.

"Ethel."

Thus they each found their "copy."

The story was accepted.

Though the plot was not a strikingly novel one, the editor may have felt that a something lurked in those typewritten lines that fictional ability is powerless to impart.

It was the first and last time that their efforts were ever appreciated, but they still felt occasionally that their "literary pursuits" were the means of bringing them together.—Chicago Journal.

## ANIMALS CAN BE HYPNOTIZED.

The control of men over animals has proved to be remarkable in more cases than was in exhibitions of trained troupes.

The general idea that it takes a professional trainer, who has spent a life time in studying his pets, to attain control over them is not, however, altogether correct.

Many cases are on record in which men have gained a hypnotic control over animals which one would consider the least subject to such influence.

The experiments of a Jesuit priest named Kiroher in hypnotizing hogs attracted considerable attention from the scientific world. The hen's legs firmly together in order to keep it from escaping. Then he laid it on the table, and after waiting until its struggles had ceased, he drew a chalk line across the table parallel to a line passing through the hen's eyes.

The hen's legs were then untied and almost invariably the fowl would lie quite still apparently charmed by some occult force.

This passive state lasted for from

five minutes to half an hour.

At the end of that time the hen seemed to recover herself suddenly and jumped down from the table.

It has since been demonstrated that the chalk line is not altogether necessary; merely holding the hen firmly in one position for a short time is often sufficient to bring on this state of hyp-

hypnosis, says the Philadelphia Press. This same condition can be brought about in the cat, dog, rabbit, horse, guinea pig, mouse, duck, turkey, canary, robin, parrot, pigeon, dove, snake, frog, toad, crab, crawfish and a few others.

Some of the small animals can easily be brought to a state of hypnosis with the aid of the passes used by Mesmer. The hands are slowly and steadily passed over the eyes and as far down as the nose. Soon the animal will begin to nod and in a short time will close its eyes as if in sleep.

Progs which held for a short time firmly in one position, will soon cease their struggles.

Birds can be hypnotized by holding a small stationary object in front of their eyes and on a line with their bill.

## LEO XIII. OUTLIVED THEM.

Here are two new stories about Pope Leo, and they are especially interesting because they show that in spite of his great age he still has a firm hold on life.

Some time ago a writer of some reputation went to Rome and was received by the Pope. After a minute or two His Holiness asked the visitor if he was a Catholic, and being informed that he was not, he expressed some surprise.

"Have you any special object in coming to the Holy City?" he asked.

The visitor hesitated a little, but finally told the truth, namely, that he had come to Rome because he fancied that the Pope's age was near and because he desired to witness the ceremonies attendant upon the election of a new Pope.

With a smile Leo replied: "If you in-

tend to remain in Rome until a new pope is elected I am afraid that you will have a pretty long stay."

Eight years ago a French bishop, while bidding farewell to the Holy Father, said: "I am afraid that I will not again have the privilege of meeting you, for at your great age I dare not hope that I will ever be permitted to see you again."

"When do you intend to pay another visit to Rome?" asked Leo.

"I am afraid," answered the prelate, "it may be seven years before I can again set foot in the Holy City."

"In that case you need not be uneasy," said Leo, "for if God spares my life until then you will surely find me here on your next visit."

And Leo spoke truly, for among those to whom he granted audience the other day was this French bishop.

## SHE WANTED A HUSBAND.

If you wished to be complimentary you would say that she was buxom; if you wished merely to make a plain statement of fact you would say that she was fat. In either case you would have to admit that she was easily frightened, and in consequence there was something ludicrous about her single and amiable when she opened the door of the office, says the Chicago Post.

"Is this the matrimonial agency?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," replied the sedate young man at the typewriter.

"Maybe it's the wrong address," she said, still standing in the doorway with flirtatious indecision. "I've been looking for a husband, you know."

"Yes."

"Oh, yes. Been corresponding with a likely man, and it's most all settled, but I sort of wanted to see him."

"I can readily understand it, and I'm sure I hope you get one to suit you."

"You bet I will or I won't take him. No bargain sale, damaged goods for me. You're rather a likely looking man yourself."

"Am I?"

"Well, you're not so bad. Ever try a matrimonial agency?"

The young man was getting a good deal of amusement out of the conversation by this time. "It's too much of a lottery," he suggested.

"Marriage is," said the 200 pounds of coyness, inquiringly.

"The matrimonial agency method of selection."

"No more than any other kind," she insisted. "You don't have to take it till you see whether it's what you want, and don't take a year or two to find out. I can size a man up mighty quick."

"I suppose so."

"I don't care so much about the seller. I've been with him," she remarked, after a most affecting and effective giggle.

"No?"

"And did you walk all the way here with this lot?" queried the sympathetic damsel.

"Sure," replied the courteous messenger boy. "I look like Sandy-Bottom!"—Baltimore American.

"No. Any good man's good enough for me. How is it with you?"

"Ma'am," replied the youth, startled by the politeness of this question, "I've already been caught and tamed."

"What?"

"I'm married."

"Oh!" with evident disappointment.

"Well, there are others."

"And you don't look like much of a prize, anyway. The feller I've been writing to has a mustache twice as big as yours."

## DAILY FASHION HINT.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.



To suit this "Gibson" Jacket in medium size, 4 1/2 yards 21 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 41 1/2 inches wide, or 3 yards 21 inches wide will be required.

The pattern (No. 419, sizes 32 to 40 bust) will be sent for 10 cents.

Send money to "Clothes, The World, Fashion Building, New York City."

## SHERLOCK HOLMES'S FIRST GREAT PROTOTYPE.

Discussing with a friend the other day the merits of that most entertaining creation of Dr. Conan Doyle's, Sherlock Holmes, I happened to remark, writes Andrew Wilson, F. R. A., in the Chicago Times, that the famous detective had simply followed out the method of Zadig. My friend protested his utter ignorance equally of the sage and his mode of applying the inexorable system of logical inference to the explanation of the facts and puzzles of existence.

Since then I have been engaged in a little study of the popular—I also mean educated—knowledge of Zadig's ways. To my surprise I have found that in most cases my interrogation evoked a counter inquiry concerning Zadig himself, so many of my friends having heard nothing of him at all. Some few had a dim idea that there was some story or other told of him in connection with a camel—for the rest the method of Zadig was a blank.

Yet Sherlock Holmes is (or was) one of his most devoted followers. Edgar Allan Poe developed his method in his detective tales, and after one had gone through a course of Boileau and Gaboriau one may well rank Father Tabaret and Leocq as among his most eminent disciples.

More years ago than I care to number I made my acquaintance with the method of Zadig in an essay by Huxley, dealing, among other things, with the scientific mode of drawing inferences from facts. Like all that the great naturalist wrote, the article was lucid, trenchant and convincing, and formed a commentary on the neglect of that most useful acquirement—the habit of accurate observation. The story is that of a dervish who, alone in the desert, approached two merchants.

"You have lost a camel," said the dervish.

"We have," replied the merchants.

"He was blind in his right eye and lame in his left leg," went on the dervish. "He had also lost a tooth and he was laden with wheat on one side of him, and with honey on the other."

To the truth of these observations the merchants instantly testified. They remarked that as the dervish must have seen the camel recently he probably knew where the animal was to be found, and besought him to lead them to the missing beast.

"My friends," replied the dervish, "I have not seen your camel, nor have I ever heard from him save from your own lips."

Thereupon the merchants feared at their questioner, and inquired of the

jewels which formed part of the camel's cargo.

"Neither camel nor jewels have I seen," retorted the holy man; but, unconvinced, the merchants laid hands upon him and hailed him before the administrator of justice, charging him with having stolen their animal.

After a prolonged investigation the dervish was honorably acquitted of the charge brought against him. Then came a second accusation. If he had not seen the camel how could he tell so

exactly its characteristics and the nature of its load? He must be a sorcerer, and, as such, demanded the attention of the court from another point of view. Whereupon the dervish addressed the magistrate and those assembled as follows:

"I have been gratified by the surprise you have exhibited at my predictions regarding the camel, and you may have had grounds for regarding me as a sorcerer; but in the desert, living alone, I have had ample opportunity for study-

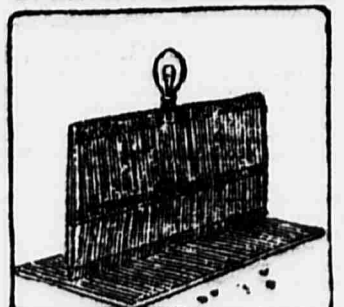
## SMART THREE-QUARTER COAT.



A smart three-quarter length coat of English workmanship, which will be part of the summer finery of a well-known New York woman, is of stitched and corded black taffeta with an elaborate trimming formed of applications of black velvet bows, with loose ends finished with tassels of white silk. The wide sailor collar is ornamented with Irish lace, which also forms the trimming of the turnover mousquetaire cuffs. The sleeves are the new mandolin shape, tucked to below the elbow and widening into a loose puff, resembling the musical instrument from which the sleeve takes its name. The coat opens over a chiffon front and has on either side of the opening bands of the applied velvet ribbon, with dangling tassels. It blouses slightly over a velvet belt. The velvet and tassel trimming is continued on the skirt, giving a novel panel effect on the sides.

The hat to be worn with this costume is a turban of draped Irish lace, with the Du Barry fall over the hair and a trimming of French pink roses at the side.

## ELECTROCUTES FLIES.



The invention is designed especially for use in stores, kitchens, dining-rooms, etc., and is arranged to lure the flies to light on the apparatus by providing suitable bait, and then to pass an electric current through their bodies to instantly electrocute them. This improved fly killer consists of a frame made of insulating material, either wood or hard rubber, and having a built-in holder midway between the top and bottom of the row of vertical strips of metal which form the electrocuting apparatus, says the Toledo Blade. These metal strips are connected alternately to the positive and negative wires of an electric circuit, and it is obvious that an insect alighting on the strips must come in contact with both the positive and negative strips at the same instant, when the passage of the current through its body accomplishes the desired end.

## HARRIET HUBBARD AYER AIDS PERPLEXED LOVERS.

Called at His Office.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I am a young lady of twenty-three. I have kept company with a young man for the past year. I love him dearly, and I know that he loves me. He gave me a ring and I gave him one in return. He appreciates it very much. What is a correct thing for me to do? I called at his office and he seemed to be very much hurt at me for doing so. He has not called since then.

SUNSHINE.

You made a very serious mistake when you went to the gentleman's office. A lady does not go to see her lover, she waits for him to come to see her. I think you lowered yourself in his respect the day you called. Probably there were other people in the office, and no man would have liked to find his sweetheart placed in the dubious position in which your action placed you.

I feel sure you had no intention of doing wrong, but you acted very thoughtlessly. I trust you may not lose your lover. The passing of rings between you gives you the right to try to win him back. Send him a letter—as frank as the one you sent to me. If he is good and true he will understand and excuse and return. He still keeps your ring, so keep hopeful.

A Good Time to Say Farewell.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I have been going out with a girl. I thought it would be wise to test her, so I sent a friend of mine to see her and she made love to him. A few days later I saw her kiss another young man.

Then I passed her, and said: "Is this what you are doing?" So she said: "Sure." After that I had seen enough. She since wrote me a letter asking me to come and see her, or let her know if our past relations had ceased. She also promised me that she would not go out with any other young man. What would you advise me to do after this?

L. F.

You did an unmanly and unpardonable thing when you set a trap for the girl. You should have had too much self-respect to engage a man to perform such a disgraceful service. I do not at all approve of the girl, and if you are sure the circumstances are as you state them in your letter I advise you to break off all relations with this girl and seek a purer-minded sweetheart. No girl can be expected to retain the

respect and affection of an honest lover when she allows other men such liberties. If you feel that "she loves too many" your safest course is to take yourself out of the number. Give her up at once, and write her a plain letter to explain your reasons for doing so. Be careful to make it a gentlemanly letter. You have no right to insult the girl, even if she insults her own womanhood by her conduct.

Cupid's Ways Mysterious, Indeed.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Some two or three years ago I kept company with a young lady about a year older than myself. She, however, moved from the neighborhood in which she lived, and I could never find out where she moved to. A couple of months ago I met this young lady by

accident and she appeared to be as friendly as ever, but when I wrote to her and asked her to allow me to call upon her she answered it was impossible.

JOHN B.

I do not at all understand how impossible it is for a "kept company" man to fall to know of a change of address on either side.

Perhaps at present the young lady is not so situated that she can receive callers quite conveniently. Do not try to call against her wishes. If, as you say, she is as friendly as ever, you might ask her to let you write to her once a week. She would probably answer your letters, and thus the acquaintance might be resumed and carried on pleasantly, with the chance of occasional meetings at the homes of your mutual friends.

After a while, too, she might tell you the reason for her unwillingness to have you call, and you might be able to overcome her objections. Do not forget that it is a woman's privilege to decline to receive a man's attentions, and a gentleman has no right to complain when a girl exercises this right—even though he be the sufferer.

CELESTIAL.

This bit of astronomy is drifting through the Western newspapers:

"A fellow by the name of Moon, living near Kalamazoo, was presented by his wife with a new daughter. That was a new Moon. Sunday he went on an excursion and got drunk for joy. That was full Moon. When he sobered up he had only 25 cents. That was the last quarter. When he got home his mother-in-law said to him: 'After all, you were a total eclipse, and you saw stars besides.'—Indianapolis News.

## June Clearing Sale of

## Fine Rugs.

50 Persian Carpets,

\$80.00 each.

350 Antique Iran

and Daghestan Rugs,

\$20.00 each.

100 Antique Mosul,

\$12.60.

200 Small Persian,

\$4.75.

Commencing

Monday, June 9th.

Lord & Taylor.

Broadway & 20th St.

THE

Coward

Good Sense

Shoe

For Children.

The vast majority